

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1860.

NO. 6.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a yout' coat
I red'e you tent it;
A chile's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1860.

GRUMBLES FROM QUEBEC.

Last week the members returned from enjoying their holiday dollars and holiday sport looking decidedly eggish—a peculiarity, accountable for by the weakness of human nature at Easter times, for that article of diet which philosophers say came after the hen. Wright and a few others looked so dreadfully ochrish, that one would think they had just come out of an egg-bath; while great Henry Smith, Esq., seemed as if his twenty-third bullet-boiled fresh-laid had lodged in his throat after the *Sir Peter Teazle* fashion.

The sessional allowance being now an accomplished fact, hon. gentlemen display a domestic turn of mind worthy of men and fathers. Indeed so deeply are they imbued with this commendable spirit, that when the poor little blind girls of Dr. Howe's Institute sang "Home sweet Home" in the Assembly Chamber the other day, several members wept; while the learned Gould was heard to observe from his seat with indescribable emotion, that "by jingo he wouldn't stand it much longer."

All the Upper Canadian lawyers put up nightly petitions for a brief session. Dr. Connor is getting tired of tapping his troubled brow and looking as if he understood the question. Clarke tired of saying nothing, went off suddenly the other day with a thirteen minute's speech, which nearly proved fatal to the poor gentleman. Mowat is tired of blinking with owlish pertinacity at the Ministerial benches. Simpson is beginning to find out that it is not the cheese—so he said—to keep up a reputation as an orator for an entire session, when a feller's got no, what-do-ye-call em—no ides.

In the Upper House matters are much the same. The Honorable Gentlewomen are tired of their stiff gentility. Young sportsmen, like Col. Prince, are dying for "a lark." DeBlaquiere's silver tongue is beginning to have a brassy ring in it, especially about the middle of his long speeches, which an ancient honorable gentleman, with a great deal of energy and questionable taste, lately characterized, to his neighbor in a confidential whisper, as the "—est nonsense he ever heard." It was one of those eternal speeches which so upset the gallant French knight Tache that in replying to it he professed his remarks by observing that "from what he had heard from the Hon. gentleman on the other side of the House's mouth he would oppose the motion. The position of the Hon. gentleman alluded to so

puzzled the Hon. Mr. Allan that he grew purple in the face and made his speech of the session, brief but eloquent. It was simply the word "question?"

Public attention here is divided between the expected visit of the Royal Boy and the probable fate, by this time, of that other notable if not noble Boy, surnamed Benicia. Bets are freely laid for and against the youth of muscle. Adolphus magnificently wagers his cool thousand to one that the Boy will knock particular something or other, which it is needless to mention, out of the unfortunate ex-bricklayer. While juvenile Jones lays his modest "hat," or "oysters for the crowd, swipes included," on Sayers, who, he facetiously assures his pals, is a *doer* as well as a *sayer*. Upon the perpetration of this the young rascal is mulcted in "horns all round," he bleeds good naturedly, knowing he deserves it, merely observing, with characteristic infatuation, that if rams had such "horns" he'd go to grass and form a Nohbnhadnezarite club. Upon being very properly corrected for his levity, he turns it off by remarking that he meant to say that he'd at once become a marine if the new steam rams were furnished with such frontal developments. I trust that it is needless to point out to the judicious reader that what's-his-name was fibbing, for there is not the slightest connection between steam rams and graniferous rams.

MR. GALT'S FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

QUEBEC, APRIL 20, 1860,
HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

MY DEAR MR. GRUMBLER—

Yes, I'm the most specious of schemers,
I'm stout and I'm jolly to boot;
I tinkle the ears of the dreamers,
With airs from the treasury flute.

I've brought in of bills a great number,
Which taste like the alcest of pills;
Tho' they cause a great many to slumber,
Yet suit constitutional ills.

That's when softened by eloquent speeches
And swallowed each one at a bite—
There is nothing like Government Leeches,
They cure or they kill one out-right.

I ask with the smoothest of faces,
For funds from the government chest:
In spite, yet, of all their grimaces,
They always obey my behest.

I've a scheme for securing the issue
Of paper—a thing we all dread—
To prevent banks from coining a tissue
Of falsehoods, to issue instead.

We all can see through tissue-paper—
The issue of most of our banks—
I'll yet make the bankers all enper,
I'll teach them to cut up such rams.

My schemes are too many to mention,
And p'raps they are not without fault;
I pray you, to them draw attention
And show what a treasure is Galt.

Yours, sincerely,
A. T. GALT.

AN ANSWER TO FOLEY'S LETTER.

MY DEAR MR. GRUMBLER,—

As the *Leader* refused to publish the enclosed article, I send it to you trustin and relyin on yur well nown imparshiality to print it in yur neckst ishluo.

Your cinsere admirer,
Jos. Gould, M.P.P.

N.B.—I have been studyin Latin lately.

FOLEY'S MAYNESTOE.

We ware mutch surprized at the recent manyfestoe of Mr. Foley. Who wood think, that a person of his Perspikasty and good cense wood rite, mutch less publish, such a kompond of noncense and abuce—Well it does beete all.—It is recaly loodikrus—The dokument was untirely unkalfor. It clearly shoes that Mr. Foley was always a wislin and a tryin to get himself into the "cheaf ceeat at the Siannygog" (Pleeze be shure to put cotashun marks in hear) and that he has been "playin possum" all the time, cause he was wishin to cause a split in Her Magesty's Opisishun. Now, we ask what induced Mr. Foley to akt in this strange kind of stile? Yes—this is the vitel question—To it we repli, JELUSSI!!! He was jeluss of Mr. Brown's posishun as Leeder.

Having proved this point we now prosced to inkwiro—why did not all the other members of the Opisishun tri the same game. Why did not the Goulds, the Aikenses &c. konspire to overthrow there leeder. To this we repli. These nobel men had the good of the Kuntry at hart; In the words of the immortal bard "they loved there Kuntry for their Kuntry's good." (Hers put in cotashun marks again.) The knosequence was they did not never konspire to deithron Mr. Brown. They new that he oaned the *Globe*; that he could do the Opisishun much harm if he wasnt treeted rite; They new that his paper sirkulated all over U. Kanada, and had great influens. Therefore it would not do to make Mr. Brown angry by any Humbagin, else he'd be down upon them and damage them konciderabel.

So these true and loyel men supported Mr. Brown and Never tryd to trip him up nor nothing, in debate or otherwise, as afoured. They never at unproper times urgd There klames to the front rank in the Opisishun, but having always in there minds I's the kase of "Sininatus the Romon" they exclaimed "nonequam." (Pleeze ce that this word is korrekty spelt as it is Latin.)

Why did not Mr. Foley take eggssample by these, and remane true to his kulors? Why did he split our grate and glorious party! We again say he was JELUSS—KUNSED JELUSSI.

A Ludicrous Situation.

—Mr. Sanborn, of Boston, in his letter lately published in the *N. Y. Tribune*, says, that at the time when the recent attempt to kidnap him was made, he was "sitting in his slippers," &c.

It would appear from this that he must have been tight, or at least in a tight place.